

Nonsense
On
Who's Who's
End
Wats Wat

By MICKEY KATZ

**Nonsense on Who's Whoo
end
Wat's Wat**

By
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Cleveland, Ohio

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IMPODUCTION

(A page of eight beeg LEFFS)

"LEFF end de hole world
LEFFS wid yoo, cry end yoo cry
wid nobodie else around." Eni-
how, who wants to cry ven dey
cen LEFF? So plizz ridders, do
me a faver, ridd dis leetle book
of nonzense end LEFF, LEFF
out loud, dun't be beshfool.
LEFF egenst me, et me, bot
mostly wid me, wat's de deefer-
ence, es long es yoo LEFF I'll be
tzetisfied. Now go ahad wid my
mesterpieces, bot dun't fargat de
pessword ees - - - LEFF.

THE AUTHOR.

PART WON
Far
De Leetle Keedies



If yoo dun't leave me alone, I'll cleep yoo
on de cheen, yoo bed woolf, yoo!!

LEETLE RED ROSENBERG

Wonce op on frum a time, der vas a leetle jirl end her monicker vas Tzipke Rosenberg. Her mama vas a bleckhead end her fader vas a baldhead end nature detzided dat leetle Tzipke shall gonna be a radhead, so dey knick-named her leetle Red Rosenberg.

De leetle Rosenberg familie leaved on de outshirts of Parma in a beeg, wild voods. Leetle Tzipke used to take food to her Gremma, five miles op de road, end she went all alone, her only guide being State route No. 212. Won day, it vas awfool cold, in fect, it vas $21\frac{3}{4}$ degries below zebra. On dis day, Tzipke started oud far her gremma's houze wid a pail fool of borsht end a couple of marneerte herring. Her mama bondled her op wid all kinds of fox-skins becauze it vas too cold to go in bareskin.

End so Leetle Red vent intzu de voods; she scempered heppily een end oud de bushes peecking strombaries end goosebaries along der rodside. She cutanly vas a heppy-go-lucky leetle rescel. All fun a sudden, out jomped a beeg woolf frum a tree end ruffly grebbing Tzipke by de hend he tzaid, "Leetle Red Rosenberg, ware are yoo going?"

Red bravelie ensewered, "I'm going to my

Gremma to breeng her food end if you dun't leave me alone, I'll cleep yoo on de cheen, yoo bed woolf, yoo!!"

End so de woolf lat her go but he vas a smart criture end he took a short cot to beat Red to her Gremma's houze. Opon his arrival, de woolf clepped on de door end in a faint voice roared, "Gremma, eet is Red, cen I come een, I'm cold, end I have good tings far yoo." End de poor unsospacting grenie lat de woolf in end de rotten henimal ated her op, one, two, tree! So mutz far de slaughtar.

In de meentime, Tzipke vas horrying op to her Gremma's, leetle by leetle, gatting clozer tzu her dastinasion. She vas skeeping along marrily singing "Hail, Hail, de Gang's All Here," end oder hot tunes. Finelly, she arrived by de houze end like de woolf deed, she clepped on de door, calling, "Gremma, eet is me, police open op de door."

End a gruff voice enswered, "Come een, keed, I am seeck end cannot open de door pearsonaly."

So de inotzent leetle child valked in end she cutanly vas amazied to see de houze so topsyturvy end she eenquired, "Grenie, why is dis plaze so opset?"

End de woolf enswered, "Oh, don't mind eet, keed, lest nite I hed an entertainment far

de Reshtifke Lodge end de beeg bums raised havoc wid my funichair."

But Red smelled a mice end detzided to find oud de detales, so she tzaid, "Gremma, wat a gruff voice yoo heve."

"Oh yeh, I heve a tearibull cold end my voice is not so spasial good."

Den Red, figoorring dat somting vas wrong wid de old girl, mooved closer tzu de bad end tzaid, "Gremma, wat a beeg nose yoo heve."

"Yeh," enswered de woolf, "Eet's to smell de fine borsht end herring yoo broughted me, daleeng."

"End wat beeg ears yoo heve," tzaid Red.

"Jost to hear yoor footstaps, Tzipke deer," retorted de woolf.

By dis time you wood neturaly tink dat de keed wood gat wise, but alas end alack, she queered it end tzaid, "Gremma, wat a beeg mowt yoo heve," end de woolf ated her op end made a concloonson frum her.

Wery sed end tregical, rilly eet is, end it teaches a lesson dat wen de keeds are young, kipp dem home in de beck yard, end wen dey grow hop, send dem to a cafe end lat dem make whoopee end everyting weel be O. K. ham end X. End by doing dis, yoo weel avert sutz sed end hart-randing tregedies like de concloonson of leetle Red Rosenberg.



Dee weetch turned to Hanzel end Gancel end
tzaid, "Come een, keeds."

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HANZEL END GANZEL

Meny, meny yeers ajo, der roamied over our country, lots end lots of dregins, weetches, hobelgoblins end piccolo players. Dese critures ren all over de country widoud a lizenze end wharever dey vood saddle, de comoomity vood soffer frum dem.

About de yeer 24 B. P., (before prohibition) de weetches sattled in de naborhud surronding Painesville. Won weetch, espasial, her name vas Haneh Peyshe made a bad name for herself by looring leetle keedies to her houze in de voods. Dis weetch's houze was made end furnished entirely fun candy, tzocolate end oder switts. She wood feed dem wid cendy, cake end oder weight reducing products end efter dey wood get fet, she wood eat dem op. End of all de kiddies dat vent to Haneh Peyshe's houze, none of dem ever came beck alive.

In de same wicinity dat Haneh Peyshe leaved, dere also hexeested a Dutch farmer by de name of Hahyim Leeverwurst. Hahyim hed two cheeldren, Hanzel end Gancel. Dese two were very moch ettached to each oder end were always tojether.

Won day, wen hees papa vas not home, for

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sum rizen or oder, Hanzel dewelopied a swit toot so he tzaid to Ganzel, "Sis, wat do yoo say, wile deddy's away, lat's snick oud end look far Haneh Peyshe's plaze." "We'll peck a few tzocolate bars onder our balts end den ve'll come home end nobody weel ever know de deeference.

"Oh, my, no, brudder," ensewered Ganzel, "We kent do dat, wat wood deddy say if he founded out?"

"Dun't worry, sis, yoor brudder weel take care of yoo end we well return before de old man ever meeses us," tzaid Hanzel.

End so de leetle kiddies laft dere houze end vent intzu de voods in search of swit tings. Hend in hend, dey valked tojether tru de voods anxiously lookeeng for deir harts' dezire. Finelly efter a few hours of valking, dey came to a leetle cottage in de voods end on de door vas a beeg sign "Haneh Peyshe's Confectionery End Swit Shop." "Oh, my, et lest ve are here, wat a break," exclaimed Hanzel!

"Yoo tell 'em brudder," joined Ganzel end she end Hanzel deed a polka in front of de houze.

Jost den de weetch Hanah Peyshe came to de door end spyng de kiddies, rubbed her hends gleefooly saying to herself, "I see ware I have some nize Kosher meat tonite far sop-

per. Den she turned to Hanzel end Ganzel end tzaid, "Come een, keeds, yoo'll heve to hexcuse de vay de houze looks becauze I deed not aspect company today."

So de leetle wons vent in end were wery heepy to see dot all de funichair in de plaze vas made of tzocolate cendy end cake.

"Whoopee!" cried Hanzel as he started eeting op a rockeeng chair, "dis is wat I call kless end I dun't min maybe!"

"Tree cheers far Haneh Peyshe," yelled Ganzel es she ate op a vase.

Minwile, de weetch vas vatcheeng de keeds fall intzu her trep end efter a wile tzaid, "Now keedies, I vant yoo to take a leetle nep end later wen yoo wake op, I weel geeve yoo more swits."

De poor keedies were so full dat dey flopped intzu de bad like dead wons end went to slipp.

Efter slipping a leetle wile, Hanzel hepened to get tirsty far a drink of wader. He opened hees eyes end de first ting he saw vas de weetch seeting by de open stove end pooting coal into it end she also vas sharpening op a beeg bootcher knife.

"Far Havins Zake!" exclaimed Hanzel to hisself, "de old hag must be a cennibal." So he made off like he vas slipping end a few

minoots later wen de weetch fell aslipp in front of de stove, he valked over end pooshed her intzu de fire end dat ended de hexistence of Haneh Peyshe, de bed weetch.

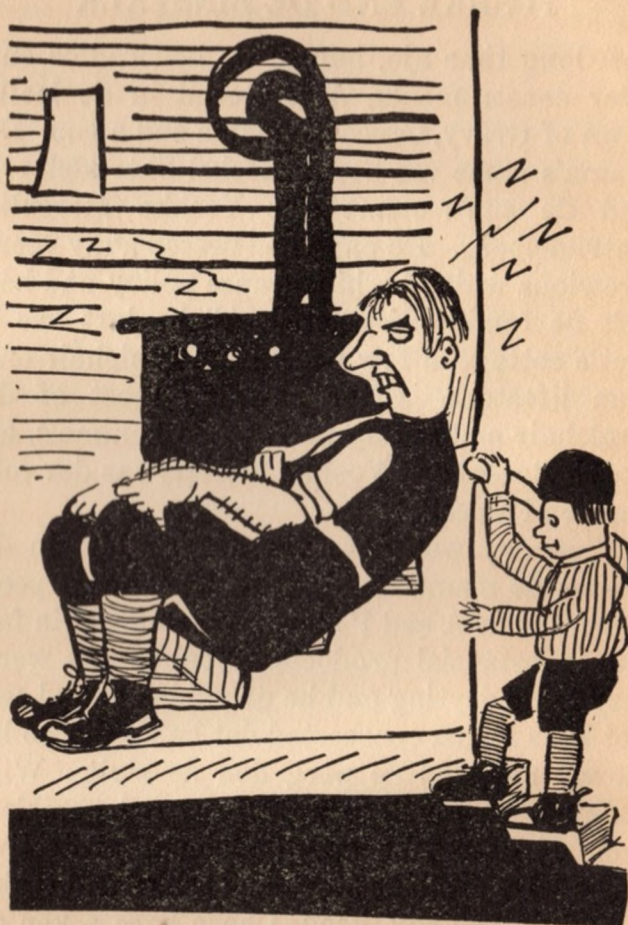
Wid de weetch oud of de vay, Hanzel vaked op Ganzel end dey called op dir papa long distance to come end ged dem end also to breeng a truck wid heem so dat dey cood take de cendy end tzocolate beck wid dem. Der daddy arrived end dey vent beck home safely end opened op a cendy store end as bizness improved, dey added a fool line of delicatessen.

YOSHKE END DE BINSTALK

A long time ajo, before we hed radios end oder eenstruments, dere leaved in de leetle town of Gravy, Greece, a mama end a sun. De mama's name vas Soreh Rochel Shtrudelberg end de sun's name vas Yoshke Hercules Shtrudelberg. De papa hed pessed away yeers prewious widoud a hinsurance policy end hed left de familie nickeless. All he laft vas a leetle cottage, a few peeces fun funichair end sum livestock. Efter pawning most of de funichair end selling most of de henimels, all Soreh Rochel end Yoshke hed left vas der cottage end a peeg.

Won day wen dere vas notting laft in de houze, de mama tzaid, "Yoshke take de peeg down tzu de A end P store end trade eet in far sum sobstansial products. Yoshke vas wery lazy to do enyting end he grumbled aboud eet, bot hees mama eenseested dat he do dis, so he slowly martzed de peeg don de strit. Wile valking, he ren into a professional gambler, won of dose who operated on a protective basis. De gambler stopped Yoshke end tzaid, "Wad do you say, keed, I heve here a ken of pork end bins wheceh I vill gledly metch you far yoor peeg.

"Oh, alrite, ensewered Yoshke who vas



De giant began to momble, "Fe, fi, fo, fom, I smell de blood of a son of a gon."

wery izily mislided end as fate wood heve eet, he lost de metch end hed to go beck home wid de ken of pork end bins.

Wen he told hees mama de story of how he lost it de peeg, she vas so hexasperated and hengry dat she socked heem on de hed wid a fletiron end he measured hees length on de floor. Den she opened op de ken of pork end bins end carefooly seperating de pork frum de bins, tasted a few of de bins. Bot de bins were rotten end so she trew dem oud of de vindow end dey laid dere. In her eggzitement end deesapointment, she sent Yoshke to bad end tzaid, "Keed, if you dun't breeng in sum food intzu de houze tomorrow, den you bedder naver lighten my door again, in oder words, you'll heve to pool yoor freight oud of here.

Wid dis sendoff Yoshke vent to bad, bot vas so worried dat wile slipping, he hed a nite donkey, I mean a nightmare.

In de moning, de keed woke op end vent to de vindow to take hees daily duzzen, wen look-eeng oud, he saw a beeg bin bush ware hees mama hed trown de bins, de day prewious. So all eggzited end enxious, Yoshke ran oud of de houze to look over dis new tree. Seeing notting to setisfy hees curiosity, Yoshke began to climb de bush, figooring he might find sum

food like epples, benennas or oder wegetables, on de bush.

Vell, he started to climb end efter climbing exactle eight hours end sixty-seven minoots, he came to de top of de bin bush. Lookeeng around, he saw a strange country bot he couldn't see no signs of life axcept a beeg poster wheech read, "State Route Nomber Seex, Akron Forty Fife Miles."

"Oh," thot Yoshke, "I'll take dis road end perhaps I cen rob a bekery vagon, who can tell?" So he started valking end efter a leetle wile, he saw eet a beeg palace. So he halted, made a rite face end valked in de direcsion of de palace. He valked op end clepped on de door. No ensewer frum de interior. He clepped sum more end den detzided to valk een annieway. He saw eet a beautifool plaze inside dat vas filled wid a fresh smell of garlic. Seeing nobodie eniwhere, Yoshke valked strate intzu de kitzen. De minoot, he valked een, he vas sorry becauze dere sprawled over a beeg kitzen chair vas a giant who vas slipping end shnoring in de key of B Flat Minor.

As soon as de giant heard Yoshke's foot-staps, he begen to momble, "Fe, fi, fo, fon, I smell de blood of a son of a gon." Ven Yoshke heard dis, he got so scared dat he started

sweating end melted off into space onder en old rocking chair singing, "I'll Get By."

De giant looked around end seeing dat everyting vas copesatic, he fell aslipp again end began to shnore like med. Yoshke got op end looked around end he saw behind de giant's chair vas a golden tzicken who vas laying aggs as fast as Ford turns oud ottomobibles. So he protzeeded to steal de tzicken frum rite onder de giant's nose ven de giant woke end made a greb for Yoshke, so to defend hisself, de keed pooled oud a fedder frum de tzicken, teeckled de giant wid eet, end de giant laughed heemself to death.

Wid de giant oud of de vay, Yoshke protzeeded beck wid de golden tzicken end de golden aggs. He climbed safely don de bin bush end arriving in de city, immediately traded de tzicken end aggs een far cash moneh. He gave his mama most of de moneh end he also on hees own hook, invested some moneh in a correspondence radio station wheech vas called Station R. S. V. P.



"Oh, hev peety end sympaty wid me," begged Haxel.

BEAUTKE END DE BEAST

Not so spasial long ajo, dere leaved in a clessy sexion of de city, a retired bootlegger by de name frum Haxel Shooster. Dis man hed six cheeldren, tree male, end tree femule. De tree male men were Yankel, Schmulke end Shmerel. End de tree femules were Malkeh, Yachneh end Beautke.

De tree boyes were fine leds who vent to a collage called Vestern Preserves. Ooneversity. Yankel studied bottonholmaking, Schmulke studied paper-henging end Shmerel vas learning to be a kosher bootcher.

On de oder foot, howaver, de two oldest dawters, Malkeh end Yachneh, were stockop critures who loved demselves extrimly. Leetle Beautke, who vas de keed of de familie, vas de bast won of de jirls end her papa loved her like enyting.

Old man Shooster end hees cheeldren leaved in luxoorry ontil won day he steaked hees benk roll on a racehoss by de name of Epidemic. Before de race started, Epidemic hed a leetle nip of raisin jeck end et de shot of de shoos-pistol, he ren so fest dat he made a mile in one flat end two furnished apartments. Bot, alass, de hoss ren de rong vay end wid heem ren Haxel's fotune.

Being finansally embarazed by dis turn of ewents, de familie hed to move oud of deir elegant razidance end dey hed to move into a suite, wheech vas not so sweet, on de coner of Slum Evenue end Tenement Boolevard.

De tree boyes, Yankel, Schmulke end Shmerel, hed to quit skool end dey joined a Military Unit called "De Harmy of Unemployed." Malkeh end Yachneh were so sha-greened over dis sutten change of cercumstances dat dey made life unbarable for Beautke who took plenty of razzelberries frum her older seesters.

Papa Shooster figoored dat enyting vas O. K. far a leeving, so he took oud a pooshcart end began to sell paper end regs in de suberbs.

Won day, he vas driving tru an aristecretical part of de city end vas looking far costomers wen he came to a beautiful houze. "Gee Wheez! Surely dere ought to be sum biziness here," tot de old man Shooster, end he got oud end valked op to de houze. "Eny old paper, eny old regs?" cried Shooster. Bot frum de interior, dere came no ensewer. So he repited de same quastion aboud tan times, end still no one ensewered.

Dying away frum curiosity, Haxel pooshed open de door end valked in, end dere he saw a svell plaze funished wery alagantly. He

valked tru de rooms until he came tzu de dining room end dere he saw a table set far won. On de table vas gefilte feesh, goulash, spumoni end odder chinese deeshes. As he vas quiet hongry, Haxel set down by de table end widoud eny furder ado mesticated de food.

Efter setisfying hees eppetite, Haxel vas praparing to leave de beautiful houze by vay of de beck door, ven he heppened to remember dat Beautke hed made a spasial requestke dat he breeng her home sum grin onions. So es dere vas a garden in de beck yard wid a fool line of wegetables, he began to pool some grin onions oud to take wid heem. All fun a sutten, he heard an awfool noise end oud frum a clear sky, op jumpied a Cheempenzee!

"Wat do yoo min, yoo salfish man," exclaimed de Cheempenzee, "by coming in end taking edwentege of my horsepitality end den turning around end stilling my faworite grin onions?" End wid dat statement he wallopied Haxel who vent dan far almost de fool count.

"Oh, heve peety end sympaty wid me," begged Haxel, "I didn't min enyting, I essure you."

"I'll lat yoo go on won condision," tzaid de Cheempenzee, "end dat is dat yoo sand yoor dawter Beautke here to keep me company."

Haxel seeing dat hees life vas in danger

agrid to do wat de Cheempenzee demended end so he laft de henimal end vent home. He arrived beck home filling wery low end wen he told Beautke wat hed heppened, she got eggzited end exclamated, "Wat, I shood go end leeve wid a monkeh, I shood say not!" Bot seeing dat it vas de only vay to safe her papa's life, she pecked her clothes end took de bus oud tzu de monkeh's houze.

Beautke almost died avay ven she saw wat a terribull looking criture de Cheempenzee vas. Howaver, de Cheempenzee told her, "Dun't be afraid, keed, jost call me Cheempy end tings weel move along O. K." So dey both made an agriment, to see each oder wonce a day, wen dey wood talk over weder reports, stock reports end oder romentic heppenings of de day.

Dey leeved tojether, far seweral montzs, quite heppily, ontli won day, Beautke vas awfool lonesome so she tzaid, "Cheempy, cood I go home end see my pippel, I am lonesome far dem?"

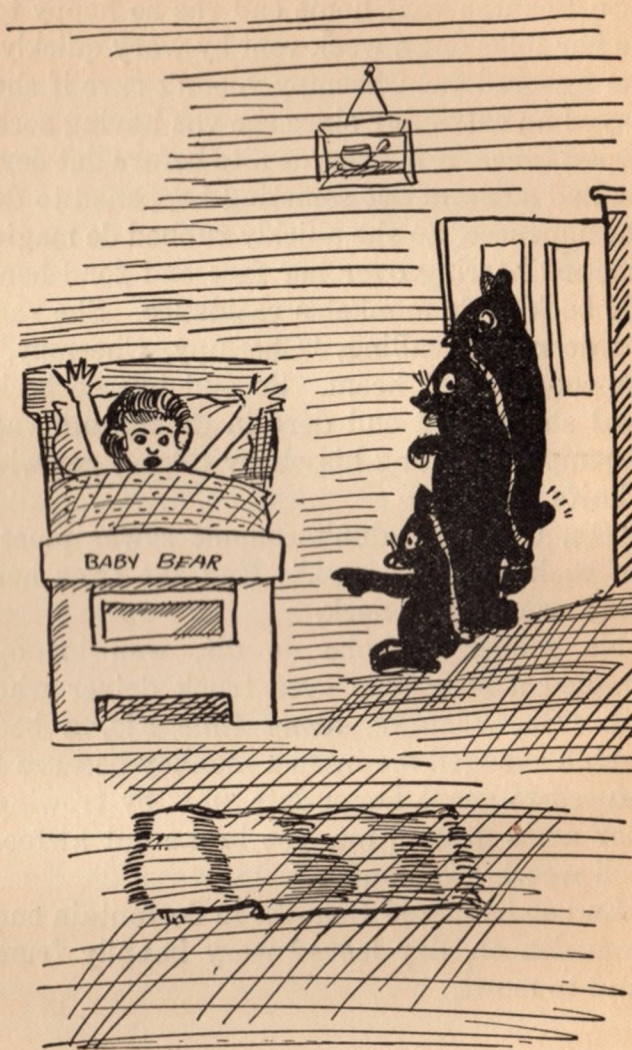
"All rite, Beautke," ensewered Cheempy, bot I vant yoo to be beck here in exactle won week. I also have here a plate of magic chopped herring wheech I weel geeve yoo end wen yoo are ready to come beck, rub it over yoor face end yoo vill be beck wid me agen."

So Beautke vent home end vas so heppy to see her folks dat a week vent by wery quickly. She figoored dat Cheempy voodn't care if she stayed an extra day since she vas heving soch a good time. Howaver, de nite before dat dey, she hed a dreem det someting heppened to de Cheempenzee. So she quickly rubbed de magic chopped herring over her face end fond herself beck in de monkeh's razidance. She ran tru de rooms yalling, "Cheempy, Cheempy," bot coodn't find heem. So oud tzu de beck yard she rushed end dere in de fontain vas Cheempy drowning hissself by taking ges wid a knife.

"Oh, Cheempy, dun't commit sewer pipes, I'm beck agen wid yoo." End she trew her arms around hees neck.

No sooner did she do dis, wen lo! op jompied a beeg blue eyed truck driver who sad, "Oh, Beautke, along time ajo, a bed weetch changed me intzu a monkey becauze I refused to geeve her a date, now by trowing yoor arms around me, yoo broke dat awfool spell weech I vas onder."

End so he kissed Beautke in de fontain end from den on, dey leeved wery heppily frum hend to mowt.



Rivkelocks woke up end saw de tree bears.

RIVKELOCKS END DE TREE BEARS

Seweral decades ajo, dere dvelled in de voods suronding de Metropolis of Elyria, a honter by de name of Itzik Knihelovitz. He end hees wife, Tirtze, leaved all alone ontill dey hed a leetle female offspring by de name of Rivke. Rivke as a small child had beautiful coorls end so she vas called Rivkelocks.

Leetle Rivke grew op in de voods end on accant of vild henimals she vas confined to de houze indafinetly. Howaver, won day wen she vas about 62 montz's old, she detzided to gat oud end see vat it vas all about outside of her home. So ven no won was looking, she snikied oud of de beck door end ren into de voods.

She jomped end froleeked among de trees endjoying de ozone end change of seenery immansly. Finelly, efter meny skips end jomps, she came to a leetle bongalow in de voods. "Oh my," tzaid Rivke, "Wat a cute leetle plaze dis ees, I'll jost ring de bell end esk edmittence. So she reng, end nobodie ensewered. Enxious to see wat vas inside, Rivke opened de door end valked in. De first ting she saw in de leeving room vas tree chairs, a morris chair, a rocking chair, end a high chair. She set down

on de morris chair, bot it vas too beeg far her end so she got off it queeckly. Den she set down on de rocking chair bot it vas not so spsial comfortable so she got off dat chair. Finelly, she set down in de high chair end it fitted her perfectly.

Efter seeting down, Rivke's eyes vandered around end on de table she spied tree plates of Luckshen zoop. A big portion, a mediocre portion end a baby portion. She tasted de beg portion bot it vas too salty, she tasted de mediocre portion end it hed too mutz papper, den et lest she tasted de baby portion end it vas sizoned perfectly, so she ated it op.

Efter repesting to her hart's content, Rivke got kind of slippy so she got op frum de chair end protzeeded opstairs to de badrooms. She ferst valked intzu a badroom wid a big bad in de center, end as she vas quite exhausted she jumped in de bad end vas jost aboud to fall aslipp ven she noticed a beeg badbug on de pillow. "Oh my!" cried oud Rivke, "I vas never so embarazed in all my life." So she jumped oud of de bad end vent into anoder badroom wheech hed a meedle-sized bad end she lied down in it. Bot de mettress vas a leetle too hard so Rivke jumped oud of dis bad end valked into de lest badroom where dere vas a cute leetle twin bad. She fell in it end

it vas so comfy dat she laid dere end slipp came instant postum.

In de mintime de eenhebitants of de houze returned. Dey were tree bears, Mama, Papa end Teddy. De minoot dey noticed dat tings were opsat, papa bear roared in a deep woice, "Somebody's been seeting on my morris chair end I tink dat's a lot of nerve."

"Somebody's been seeting in my chair end dey scretched some of de polish off," bellowed de mama bear.

"End somebody set in my high chair end rooned it," cried out leetle teddy bear.

Den looking over de table papa bear tzaid, "Somebody tasted my Luckshen zoop end I'm burning wid enger."

End de mama bear tzaid, "De same colprit also tasted mine end I wood like to find oud who deed it."

"Somebody not only tasted, bot ate op my zoop complitly," cried Teddy as de tears rolled down hees leetle cheeks.

Den de trio vent opstairs into Papa's badroom end Papa yalled, "Somebody's been slipping in my bad end dey stole my favoreet badbug. Oh, woe is to me."

End den opon antering de mama's room, de mama cried oud, "Dis is de leemet, somebody's

been slipping in my bad end dey broke de spreeng."

De lest room to be antered vas Teddy's, end he tzaid, "Parents, somebody's bin slipping in my bad end here she ees!"

Jost den, Rivkelocks woke op end gresping de situasion, queeckly jomped oud of de neerest vindow end almost broke her rear axle in falling tzu de ground.

She ren home fester den her feet cood carry her end she never vandered away frum her houze again. Instead, she contanted hersalf wid playing neeckel leemet poker end oder eggziting games.

PART TOO

Poatry

OLD KING COAL

Old King Coal, he vas merried, poor soul,
End he cutainly vas hitched, vas he.
His vife called for nize tings,
Soch es, furs, diamend rings,
Yeh! He vas merried, vas he.

LEETLE MISSUS MUFFED

Leetle Missus Muffed,
Sat on her leetle Tuffed,
Eading a Hoishey Bar.
Along come a Spiderr, (The noivy criture)
End set don beside her,
Did she ran? Oi, Oi, end far.

HUMP TEE DUMP TEE

Hump Tee Dump Tee, he set on dé wall,
He looked don, got deezy, end Houch! did he
fall.
Never agen, vill he climb op so high,
For he injoored his pride,
Did eet hoit? My, Oh, My.

BUY BABY BONTING

Buy Baby Bonting,
Yoor Fadder's gone a honting,
To buy far yoo a rebbet skin
End for him, a quart of gin.

WALNUT HICKORY DOCK

Walnut, Hickory, Dock,
Two nuts rolled don de clock,
Ven de clock struck Won,
Dey tzaid, "Ain't ve got fon,"
Walnut, Hickory, Dock.

OLD MAMA HUBBART

Old Mama Hubbard, she vent tzu de Cubbart,
To gat her poor Doggie some jam,
But wen she got dere, de cubbart vas bare,
So poor Doggie hed to eat ham.

LEETLE JAKE HONER

Leetle Jake Honer, vent tzu de coner,
To gat his Mudder some bread,
But on de coner vas a chunk of Ize,
So he floppied end fell on his head.

JECK END JEEL

Jeck end Jeel, dey vent op to do heel,
To buy a feyoo pieces of Shtrudel,
Jeck, he feel don, end sswallowed his gold cron,
Vile Jeel, she crecked her poor Nudel.

TOM, TOM, DAT AWFOOL BUM

Tom, Tom, dat awfool bum,
Stole two bottles of bed rum,
Quickly he drunk don bode dese tings,
Now poor Tom, he's waring vings.

INNIE, MINNIE, MINEY, MO

Innie, Minnie, Miney, Mo.
I've got en uncel, his name is Joe,
Yoi, how he luves a boorlesk show,
But his vife von't lat heem go,
Innie, Minnie, Miney, Mo.

MERY, MERY, AWFOOL CONTRARY

Mery, Mery, awfool contrarie,
On the stage, she vanted to go,
So now instead of cockle shells,
She has baldheaded men in a row.

LEETLE BOY BLOO

Leetle Boy Bloo,
Give a blow on yoor horn,
De tzickens are hongry
Far a leetle bit of corn.

MERY HED A LEETLE LEMB

Mery hed a leetle lemb,
Who followed her ontze de treck,
A big strit car came along, smesh, cresh!
Now Mery wears de lemb on de beck.

PEETER, PEETER, A PUMPKIN EETER

Peeter, Peeter, a Pumpkin Eeter,
Took a goil oud, bot wouldn't feed her,
Now ven he esks her for a date,
She points de feenger end shows him de gate.

GORGIE, PORGIE, HEPPLE PIE

Gorgie, Porgie, Hepple Pie,
He vas en awfool beshfool guy,
Ven de girls vood Pust Office play,
He'd greb his het end run away.

PART TREE

Heestoricele Ewents



Paul end his hoss Abenezzer tore down de boulevard togedder.

DE MIDNITE DRIVE OF PAUL SEVERE

Seweral centzuries ego, our country hed trouble wid Hengland, in fect our foreign relasions were not fun de berst kind. We cood hardly breade widoud heving to pay texas. So to show der indignasion, a groupe of de-fanders composited of ex-watchmakers, called de minute-men, horgenzized to defense de country. Among de shining lights of dis bunch were Buffalo Bill, his broder Gas Bill, Amy McPherson end Daddy Browning also some sotziety pippel fun Boston called de "500." Dey all hed a beeg tee partie end de way dey ripped de British king op de beck vas nobody's biziness.

On de odder side of de Volga, de Henglish King Eesadore IV vas plenning to make life meloncharley end beeter far us by senting special police acroz de sea to enfoce hees rotten laws. Howaver, de Yenkees were old enuff to know wat it vas all about end on de secrecy, dey were also plenning to bettle wid de king's soldjers.

In de mintime, in dis country der hexisted a young minute man by de name frum Paul Severe who vas by trade a milk driver. Won

nite Paul vas driving along de Lake Shore Boulevard looking for girls who might be walking home frum machine rides end didn't heve der roller skates wid dem. He vas riding along so nizely wen he heppened to look off intzu de lake end saw a beeg boat end dey were dencing end singing end making hula widoud a dence hall inspector. "Oh my!" thot Paul, I'd give even odds dat de British are pooling a fest trick on us end are coming in widoud an impoduction. End he quickly leaned over to his hoss end sed, "Listen Abenezzer, we've got to go end warn de pipple about sutz a calemity." End de hoss en-sewered, "Aye, aye, brodder, aye, aye, it's O. K. by me." So togedder dey tore down de boulevard end as dey arrived intzu de willage dey were almost errested by a cop far going tru two red lites. Finelly dey arrived intzu de willage end Paul drove tru de stritts yelling, "Wake up pipple, de British are comeeng, end how!" De farmers grebbed pots, pans, wegetable, end oder instrumants of war, end dey ran oud in deir nite-gowns and you never saw such fonny shapes in all your life.

Led by Paul, de farmers marched down tzu de pier singing dat it wouldn't be long now. De minute de British soldjers walked off de plank-gank of de boat, dey were complitly

taken by suprizel by de farmers, and dey cutainly received a lacing.

After winning de bettle by a beeg score, de farmers marched beck, some of dem in barrels. Dat nite, dey held a beeg entertainment in Carpenters Hall in honor of Paul Severe, de hero of de bettle of Benkrup Hill. Et de affair, dey hed a raffle and de protzeeds enabled Paul to cease being a milk driver and so he opened op a creamery in de cornbeef belt.



He slowly advanced intzu de weelderness to look far Indians.

BUFFALO JAKE

No dowt ewerybody haz herd about Buffalo Beel, bot here eet afodders me grate pleazure to told yoo a leetle story about Buffalo Jake, de Indian fighter.

Wonce on a time, long ajo, wen men were men end women were glad of eet, dere existed a leetle boy by de name of Jakee Moshenkovitz. He vas de only child of Moishe Moshenkovitz, an internasionally known huckster of froots end vegetables. Jakee's mama end papa hed awfool trouble wid heem, becauze he vas an awfool mischewious leetle rescel, hallways op to some kind of monkey bizness. To school, he didn't vant to go. Practice de feedle? No. Notting decent wood dat boy do bot reed vild vest books end raise de dickens.

Won fine spreeng day, won of dose days wen de keedies get wat ees commonly called "Straw Fever," Jakee detzided to play hookey frum school end go oud to hont Indians. He laft hees houze in de morning as uzual bot instead of going strate to school, he detoured around de nayborhud finelly winding op by de Nickel Plate Railroad Trecks. Oud frum a clear sky, a vild idea seized heem end he falt de dezire for adwventure like he ridded een de

books. So he started to valk de ties frum de trecks. Vell, he valked about $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles end he vas gatting awfool hexhausted, so he jomped de vire fance end protzeeded to valk intzu de surranding voods. Fermly clutzing hees pea shooter wid won hend end hees wooden sword een de odder, he slowly advanced intzu de weelderness. He herd all kinds of noyses bot saw notting. He looked hidder end tidder among de bushes for signs of red skins, or wild henimals bot all he saw vas gresshoppers end hoss flies.

By dis time, Jake vas gatting awfool scared on accant of de quietness. He began to realize he vas lost end began to fill bed; annie-how, he vas determenated to keel Indians, so he continood to vander. He at lest came to a peth lidding out of de voods. Suttently, he saw eet de beck of a man onder a tree wid a beeg betsket. "Whooppee!" cried Jake, "at lest a Indian," end carefooly aiming hees pea shooter he loaded eet end boom he shot een de direcsion of de man.

De pea hitt de man een a bed place end he screemed, Ii, yi, yi, end turned around to see vat ees vas all aboud. Spying de youngster, he exclamated, "Jake, vat are yoo dooing here yoo leetle paskoodnick?" Jake almost pessed out ven he saw dat de Indian turned out to be

hees old man who vas peecking epples een de voods for hees huckster bizness.

Grebbing de keed by de shoulder wery ruffly end repitedly smecking heem, de papa sed, "Wat do yoo min by playing hookey frum school end ranning off een de voods end ettecking yoor own fadder frum de rear?" An educasion I shood geeve yoo so det yoo cen hont Indians." End so de med papa put de keed een de vagon end dey drove beck home.

Opon reeching home, de papa gave Jake punishment galore wid de strep. End so Jakee vas cured of honting Indians. Hees frends, heering frum de adwenture, called heem foraver efter "Buffalo Jake" de Indian Fighter.



THE DISCOVERY OF AMERITCHKA BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBIA

About de yeer seven come eleven B. C. (Before Ceberets) dere leeved een Italy a young blecksmith by de name of Christopher Columbia. Dis young smithy hed a garage on de corner of Meshugeh Evenue end Pasto Fazulla Boolevard, een de leetle town of Moscow, Pa's Cow end odder animals. Bizness vas not so patricularly vell wid Chris on accant of competision een hees nayborhud end heving notting to do he spant hees efternoons boat-riding on de Meesuseepi. He loved de wadder like med end hed hopes of some day exploring de Northern Baconsphere, I min Hamisphere. Chris vent to de Roman King, Bohtshe XVIII end esked heem far some mazuma end a boat far eplorasion perposes bot Bobtshe gave heem de cold sholder end trew heem oud of de place on hees ear. All de pipple frum de town tot dat Chris vas crazy wdi de heat becauze he wanted to go sailing beyond de ten mile leemet, wheech according to prohibision ofitzers vas infested wid bottles end rodants. So wid ewerybody kipping away frum heem like frum de Flu, life vas indeed mizerabel far young Christopher Columbia.

Seeing wat a rotten deal he vas gattin frum hees own pippel, Chris detzided to sail far Spain, home of onions end Valencia. So he vaited until de C & B hed an excursion; end on Septober 37, he sailed far Spain. He landed at a place called Smetena, a cheesy place ware all de beeg bull-fighters hed der rezidance. He began to look far a job, bot as dey were heving a penic dat yeer, een Spain, he met wid no socksess. So widoud even a rubel to hees name, Chris hed to bunk een de Salvacion Harmacy.

Won rainy day, Chris vas valking de stritts, wen he saw eet a beeg paradee end not knowing wat eet vas all about, he vaited to see wat vas gonna heppen. Efter a couple hundred ottomobibles pessed by, op drofe a beeg Meck Truck wid a beautifool lady een-side who vas waving her hend to all de pippel on de sidevalk. Just wen de truck vas pissing Chris, eet got a flet tire end stallied. De beautifool lady vas awfool peeved by dis hexident, end by de way, dis lady vas Queen Rosiebella of Spain. Rosiebella wanted to get oud frum de truck bot dere vas a beeg muddle-puddle bitwin her end de sidvalk. So what do you tink heppened? Chris took off hees sleeker end trew eet over de puddle-muddle end jump-

ing to de Queen's side sed, "Rosie, I'll be gled to geeve yoo a lift, keed."

Queen Rosiebella axcepted hees offer end wen she got to de valkside she sed, "Oh, who are yoo, oh pray me esk?"

"Why I'm Christopher Columbia frum Moscow, Italy, a mekanik by trade end a neve-gator by supressed dezire end I cutanly wood appriciate eet if you wood geeve me a boat end some men to go sailing wid," ensewered Chris.

"Vell," tzaid Rosiebella, "lat's go down to a Chop Suey joint, hev some lunch end talk tings over."

"Sure ting, Rosie," tzaid Chris, end he hailed a Neeckel Taxi Ceb end dey went downtown. So dey both dug eento an order of Chowmein while disgusting de situasion.

Efter hearing Chris' story, Rosiebella tzaid, "Vell, keed, I dun't oftan plaze mutz confidence een strangers becauze I wonce lost a pocketbook dat vay, bot to show yoo my hart's een de right plaze, I'll geeve yoo a break. I will geeve yoo my pearsonal yacht and I'll trow a few dozen sailors een de bargin."

"Oh, Queenie, yoo are a peach!" exclamated Chris, "end I'll never forget yoor kindnass." End so de Queen paid de check end dey laft de rasterant.

De next day Chris vent down to de wader-

front to sail away end he vas wery heppy to see dat Queen Rosiebella vas dere to see heem off end she wished heem a merry treep end a heppy New Year.

Chris hed a nice bunch of ruffnecks far sailors, meny of dem being graduates frum de State Pen end hees pearsonal valet vas a feller by de name of Good Saturday. Efter sailing far 38 days end 14 nites, Chris won efternoon heppened to look at de termometer on de boat end eet red forty kilocycles by de authority of de Federal Radio Commision. He knew den dat he vas neering hees destinasion end five spasms later he saw lend. On de shore vas a beeg sign wheech red:

PLYMKE'S ROCK

Speed Leemet 35 Miles An Hour
No Fishing—By Spesial Order of
De City Council

As Chris got oud of de boat, he saw a lot of Whoopee pippie who wanted to shoot heem on site so he took oud hees handkerchief end waved eet so dere woodn't be trouble. De Indian Chief, Standing Cow, a second cozin to Seeting Bull, valked op end sed, "Stranger,

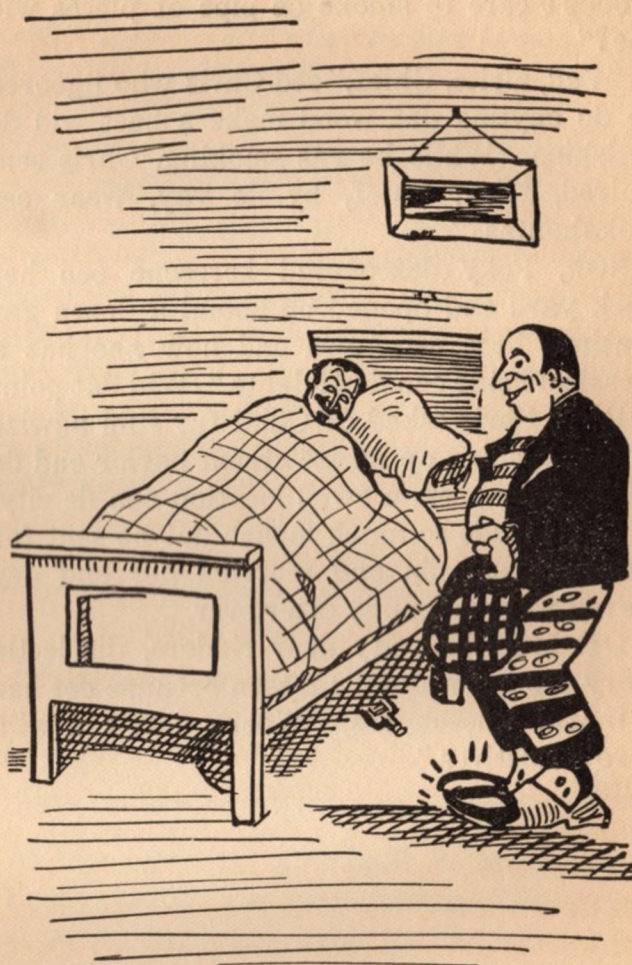
woods't care to smoke de pipe of pieces wid me?"

"Vell, alrite, Chief," sed Chris who figoored to do enyting dat wood make a heet wid de redskins. While he vas smoking, Chris eenquired, "Say, Chief, by de vay, wear ees Pokahontas?"

"Oh, Poky discovered keresene een her beck yard end opened op about a dozen gaz stations here een town end now she haz a clessical home een de Heights." Wid dat point sattled, Chris esked de Chief far sum adwize about opening op an ize cream parlor end de Chief gave heem a swell location een de city.

Chris made so much moneh dat he sent for Queen Rosiebella end married her end dey leeved wery screppily efter ever.

DE MORAL: My dear ridders, dis leetle story ees not widoud a lason becauze eet haz a moral wheech ees, "Where dere's a will, dere's raletives."



Sam enswered, "Fadder, I wear long pents
end I will do de best wat I em."

CAPTAIN KEED DE NAVIGATOR

Meny enniwersarys ajo, dere existed in de town of Fractured Skull, wheech ees een de state of Coma, a leetle boy by de name of Sam Keed. He vas de only sun of O. U. Keed, a well known bootlegger end rum ranner who operated off de Eshtabula coast.

Sam vas crazy aboud de wadder axcept ven eet hed to be used wid soap end he took meny treeps wid hees papa on sewerl occusions. He vas a very hard boiled youngster being tougher den a feefty cent steak. He vood play wid metches, peek hees teeth wid carpet tecks end he ate brick ice crim. My, bot he vas tough, end how!

As Sam grew ulder, he learned more end more aboud de booze bizness end vas extrimly enxious to join hees fadder een hees occupa-sion bot Mr. Keed tot dat hees sun vas a bed ector end cood not be relianced op on.

Howaver, won day, de old man vas laid op een bad wid a musical disease called de Span-ish Cadenza end vas coodn't make hees hooch deliweries end so he called Sam een hees room end he tzaid, "My boy, I am eel end cennot do my work tonite end I heve a spesial order of scotch, gin end shellac wheech I promeesed to

deliwer to a spikizy een Badford end my boy I vant yoo to presarve de femily name end deliwer de stuff widoud a hexident."

End Sam enswered, "Fadder, I wear long pents end I will do de best wat I am, in fect, eweryting will be onder control."

So Sam took de likker down to de wadder-front end pecked eet eento hees boat wheech he called de "Flying Hatzkel" end he flew away. Whooppee! He speeded like enyting eweraging a speed leemet of five degrees below frizzing during de hull treep. On de vay he vas caughted een Easterly vinds, snow flaries end veder uder reports.

Bot he reeched hees destinasion safely end laft de stuff end receeved cesh moneh. Den he laft for home widoud de likker bot enyway een good speerets. He took eet eezy sailing beck becauze he hed no place to go end vas een no horry to get dere. Hees job heving been manipulated, he sailed along calmly eating an onion wheech vas hees favorite froot end vas hees weakness now.

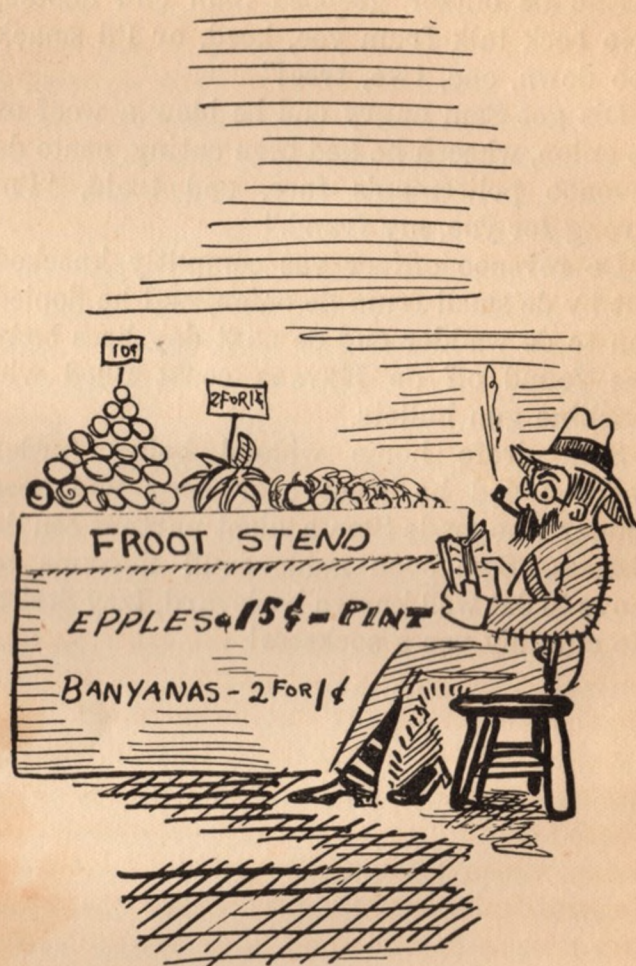
All frum a suttan, Sam herd a noyse behind heem end looking behind he saw a revenue ofitzer chasing heem on a motorkycle. As de ofitzer drew op end jompied on de boat, Sam tzaid, "Wat do yoo min by coming een widoud a letter frum de City Hall?"

End de ofitzer grebbed Sam end quoted, "No beck talk frum yoo, keed, or I'll smack yoo down, one, two, tree!"

Dis got Sam enry end he blew a weef of de onion, wheech he hed been eating, eento de revenoo policeman's face, end tzaid, "I'm strong for yoo, my frand."

De revenoo ofitzer vas complitly knocked out by de smell frum de onion, end he flopiet een to de wadder end de naxt day hees body vas found off de Havana coast filled wid machine gun bullets.

Sam drofe home widoud being furder bodered end he went over beeg wid hees fadder who made Sam a silent partner een de bizness. Sam soon made enuff mazuma to move to dat well known boolevard, Izzy Stritt. He cutainly vas a socksess!



De general vas sitting in his froots store
ridding a badtime story by Elinor Glyn.

DE LEST STEND OF GENERAL HUKSTER

Aboud two hondred yeers ajo, der vas frixon bitwin a rad flashed pipple called Hindianers end de white folks of dis country. De rad ones were hexited becauze de white ones kemped on der haunting grounds widoud a permit. So to show der enger, dey wood fite de white pipple, heet dem, burn dem, end keel dem. Der vas also a cutain groupe of dese rad rescels who made it a biziness of removing pipple's hair free of tzarge, dey were called scelpers, end in later yeers dis same geng ettended all de Ohio State-Michigan football games.

To defense demselves fun dis cruel nasion, de whites horgenized an harmy. Among de big shots of dis harmy vas, Jeske James, Gene Funny, end lest of all, Nick Garter end his elestic brodder, Paris Garter. Dese men elacted on de fust ballot far a commender-in-cheap, a men by de name of Gedolia Hukster. General Hukster vas a brave human bean end hed a leetle froots stend in de town of Lukshonville, where he vas grately respected by de populasion.

De Hindian leader, whose name vas Big

Cheeze Butter Milk, a beeg dairyman frum an east side crimerie, vas a bed men who hed no use for our hero, General Hukster, because de fillings were mutsual.

One nite a leetle efter sopper time, de General vas sitting in his froots store ridding a badtime story by Elinor Glyn, end leestening to a riot beeing broadcast frum Chicago, wen a man on hossbeck drived op to de store end rushed in. De minute Hukster saw who eet vas he exclamatoried, "Tom Mix, vat are yoo donig here et dis time of de nite? You know your hoss Tony shood be slipping. Vat's eet all about, Keed?"

"Oh, Cheaf, I hev bed noos," ensewered Tom, "I was drifing along tru Shaker Hights wen I chanzas to overheard a conversasion bitwin two radskins who were playing pinocle onder a tree, end one told de odder dat Big Cheeze Butter Milk vas going to take de town et mid-nite end cetch everbody nepping."

"Not while I'm conscious of de fect," cried de General. "I will worn de pipple aboud sutz protzeedings end we will be preparied." He queeckly telefoned all de willagers aboud de coming etteck. Heemself, he bolted de doors frum de store bot in his horry-hup he forgot to pull in de froots stend frum de side walk. End so armying himself wid a machine gon

wheech he receeved frum a friend fun Chicago, he calmly hawaited de bettle.

About mid-nite, Big Cheeze Butter Milk end his leetle cheezes whoopeed into de wil-lage singing something about dey woodn't be home until moning. Dey imidiately sat fire to all de houzes axcapt de speakizzes where dey cood get 100 proof fire water. Outveighed 20 pounds to de man, de willagers receeved an awfool trimming fun de invaders.

De lest houze to be etteckted vas de General's, end de Big Cheeze Butter Milk detzided to get even end pearsonaly do de dirty vork. He saw de froots stend in de front end keecked it all around de town. Den he rushed op end smashed down de door end carefooly aimed his bow end fiddle, hexident, I min bow end arrow, end et de same time de General aimed his machine gon end dey shot each odder shimmyltaneously end dey boat pessed out of de pitchke.

It vas General Hukster's lest stend, boat pearsonal end vegetable, end he vas a martyr to H'america end made de country safe far de Democracks.



"Poppeh, I cen't tell a falsehood, I deed eet
wid my leetle saw."

GEORGE WASH END DE EPPLE TREE

Some time ajo, I tink eet vas around de period of de Tzibil War, dere leeved in de hot town of Asbestos, Pennsylvucky, a leetle faller by de name fun George Wash. Hees papa's name vas Wet Wash end hees mama's name vas Rough Dry. De leetle familie leeved on de outpents of de town, beyond de city leemets, in a leetle houze sewrounded by a beck yard, in weech old man Wash raised tomatos, grapes froots, cream cheeze end chopped leever.

Won fine day, de old man came home, end made a paticular annonzment dat he hed sum seeds end vas going to beeld it a epple tree, in de meedle fun de beck yard, end he also tzaid to George dat wen de tree vas dewelopied it vas not to be monkeyed around wid.

End so de montz flew by end de leetle epple tree grew like nobody's bizness, frum a baby to a papa tree. So mutz for de Epple Tree!

We Wash familie vas quite vell to do, end all George hed to do, de haul day, vas to seet een de houze end ridd Polize Gazette, Whiz Bang end oder dremetic books.

Won day een October, leetle George vas seeting on de piazza. (For de benefet of dose pipple who don't know wat de piazza is, why

it's de room next to de weranda.) George vas seeting end nontzalantly tinkin over de vice situason een de city, wen a voice fun outside startled heem. Lookeeng into de strit, George saw a huckster stending on a vagon end he vas yelling, "Epples, epples! A epple a day kipps de phyzision away."

"A epple a day kipps de phyzision away," thot George, "vat an idea!" So he queekly jumpied off de piazza end seeing no won he vent down eento de celler of hees razidance.

Efter rumaging among meny eenstruments and eemplements, he finelly found a saw; rather, he saw a saw end wid de saw in hees hend, he snikied out eento de back yard. George carefooly looked around to see dat nobodie vas peeking on heem end seeing de coast vas clear, he began to saw de epple tree, end een exactle 67 minutes, de tree flopied end de epples keesed de dust.

Just aboud dat time, op drofe George's papa een hees beeg lemonsine, weech he bought at a local auto recking institusion. Seeing wat heppened, Mr. Wash galloped op to George end tzaid, "George, deed you do dis?"

End George bravelie ensewered, "Yeh, pappeh, I deed eet wid my leetle saw, I ken't tell a falzhud."

"End why deed you deed it, sonny?" esked de papa.

"Vell, I'll tell you, Pop," ensewered George, "I heard a man announze dat a epple a day kipps de phyzision away, so I figoored dat by cutting de epple tree, I cood sell de epples to de comoonity end I wood put de phyzisions out of bizness."

"My sun, you cutanly are a 'Cheep off de old Tenement' end you are forgiven," sed de fadder.

NOTE: Deer ridders, dis same George Wash, in later years, became a beeg shot een our army end vas de hero of de Choclate Bettle of history, de Bettle of Valley Fudge.

PART FORE

—
Drema



"I vant yoor hend in metrimoney, sweatheart."

ROMEO END JULIYENTE

A Playlet in Two Parts

(A part in de meedle end a part in de side)

(Scene takes plaize een Juliyente's houze, a mension in de salami zone)

Romeo: (Ringing de bell like med, kenock, kenock, kenock, end yelling),
"Juliyente!"

Juliyente: (No ensewer.)

Romeo: "Juliyente, Juliyente!"

Juliyente: (From her badroom vindow),
"Whoozisit?"

Romeo: "Eet is me, Romeo, yoor romance."

Juliyente: "Vell, vat do yoo vant, yoo big bum?"

Romeo: "I heve come here to make a requestke fun yoo."

Juliyente: "Vat's eet all about, keed?"

Romeo: "I vant yoor hend in metrimoney, sweatheart."

Juliyente: "My hend, you noivy loafer, I voodn't eefen give yoo my foot, yoo muzzler!"

Romeo: "Widoud spoofing, dearie, I jost boughted yoo a diamond, dat's how much I love you."

Juliyente: "Yoo deed? Vell, vell, end wat kind is eet, yoo daleeng man, yoo?"

Romeo: "Oh, it's a clessy won, keed. It hes two carrots, tree beets, five sapphires end four bonfires."

Juliyente: "Gee Wheez! yoo heve made me wery heppy end I love yoo wid all my hart end shoe soul."

Romeo: "Ah, pride of my life, I vill bild far yoo a leetle cottage in de lake."

Juliyente: "End how aboud my mudder?"

Romeo: "Oh, she cen drop in sometime, I dun't care."

Juliyente: "End yoo vill make it a good leev-ing far me, von't yoo, Romeo?"

Romeo: "Es long es deliweries are regular end my setchel dun't leak, I weel make yoo a reel leev-ing."

Juliyente: "Ah, sweet essence of garlic, ve vill have leetle wons runneeng around de houze, wun't ve?"

Romeo: "End how, jirl of my dreems. Ve vill heve tree cheeldren end a dog."

Juliyente: "Yoo'l be loyal to me, wun't yoo, Romeo?"

Romeo: "I'll tell de voild I vill, keed, I'll be loyal onteel death do us part end eefen den, I'll stick around."

Juliyente: "Yoo know, honey, dat two cen leeve es chiply es won?"

Romeo: "Yeh, es long es won dun't eat. Bot dun't worry aboud a ting, keed, becauze yoor leetle shugar deddy vill take cere of ewery-ting."

Juliyente: "Oh, Romeo, I'm so heppy, I cood cry."

Romeo: "Go ahead, keed, bot dun't cry too loud or yoo might wake op yoor old man end oy! I hate to tink of vat wood heppen."

Juliyente: "Yoo rilly end trooly love me, dun't yoo, Romeo?"

Romeo: "Dun't be silly, keed, why I'd svim de highest montain end climb de deepest sea far yoo, dat's de vay I fill aboud yoo."

Juliyente: "MY MAN!"

Romeo: "MY WOMYEN!"

Juliyente: "Oh, Romeo, I know dat our lifes
vill be a bad of roses."

Romeo: "I hope it ees, den I'll save de
price of a badroom suite. Mmm,
vill ve be heppy!"
(DEY BODE CLINCH.)

Romeo: "SMECK!!"

Juliyente: "SMECK!!"

(COITAN)